

P O E M S.

BY

J. C.

With Additions.



Printed in the Yeare,

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1781.



TO THE
STATE OF LOVE.

OR,
The Senses Festivall.

I Saw a Vision yesternight
Enough to tempe a *Seekers* fight:
I wisht my self a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulse my trembling sphear:
It was a She so glittering bright:
You'd think her soul an *Adamite*.
A person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with fame,
Beauties chiefest Maid of Honour:
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbess of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can shew me such a glorious prize:
And yet, because 'tis more renown
To make a shadow shine, *her's* brown,
A brown, for which, heaven would disband
The Gallaxye, and stars bepan'd;
Brown by reflection, as her eye
Dazells the Summers livery.

P O E M S.

Old dormant windows must confesse,
Her beams their glimmering spectacles;
Struck with the splendour of her face,
Do th' office of a burning glasse.

Now, where such radiant lights have shown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with lustre of her own.

My sight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now empale her in mine arms.

(Loves compasses) confining you
Good Angells, to a compasse too.

Is not the Universe strait-lac't,
When I can clasp it in the waist?

My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd,
With *Drake*, I compasse in the world.

I hoop the Firmament, and make,
This my embrace the Zodiack.

How would thy Center take my sense,
When admiration doth commence,
At the extreme circumference.

Now to the melting kisse that slips

The jel ly'd Philtre of her lips

So sweet, there is no tongue can phras't,

Till transubstantiate with a tast,

Inspir'd like *Mabomet* from above,

By th' billing of my heav'nly Dove;

Love prints her Signets in her smacks,

Those ruddy drops of squeezing wax;

Which, wheresoever she imparts,

They 're Privy Seals to take up hearts.

POEMS.

Our mouths encountering at the sport,
My slippery soul had quit the fort,
But that she stop't the Salley-port.
Next to those sweets her lips dispense,
As twin-conserve of eloquence;
The sweet perfume her breath affords;
Incorporating with her words;
No Rosary this Votresse needs,
Her very syllables are beads.
No sooner 'twixt those Rubies born:
But Jewells are in Ear-rings worn,
With what delight her speech doth enter,
It is a kisse oth' second venter.

And I dissolve at what I hear,
As if another *Rosamond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.
Yet, that's but a preludious blisse;
Two souls pickearing in a kisse.
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis storming that must take her in.
When bodies whine, and victory hovers
'Twixt the equall fluttering lovers
This is the game, make stakes my dear,
Hark how the sprightly *Obanicleve*,
That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,
Sounds *Boo-esse* to *Cupid's* knight.

Then have at all, the passe is got,
For coming off, oh name it not:
Who would not die upon the spot!

THE
HECATOMB
TO HIS
MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming trade,
 Geld the loose wits, and let the Muse be splaid.
 Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase
 Of Balm, Elixir, both the Indias.
 Of shrine, saint, sacriledge, and such as these
 Expressions, common as their Mistresses.
 Hence ye fantastick Postillers in song,
 My text defeats your art, ties natures tongue,
 Scorns all his tinsell'd metaphors of pelf,
 Illustrated by nothing but his self.
 As Spiders travell by their bowells spun
 Into a thread, and when the race is run,
 Wind up their journey in a living clew,
 So is it with my Poetry and you.
 From your own essence must I first untwine,
 Then twist again each Panegirick line.
 Reach then a soaring quill that I may write,
 As with a Jacobs staff to take the height.
 Suppose an Angell darting through the air,
 Should there encounter a religious prayer
 Mounring to heaven, that intelligence
 Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense
 Into

POEMS.

Into a body. Let me crack a string
 In ventring higher; were the note I sing
 Above heavens *Elys*, should I undecline,
 And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammus* found agen,
 From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
 Nor find an Epitaph to set it forth.
 Mettalls may blazon common beauties. She
 Makes pearl and planets humble herauldy.
 As then a purer substance is defin'd,
 But by an heap of Negatives combin'd;
 Ask what a spirit is, you'll hear them cry
 It hath no matter, no mortality.
 So can I not define how sweet, how fair,
 Only I say she's not as others are.
 For what perfections we to others grant,
 It is her sole perfection to want.
 All other forms seem in respect of thee
 The *Almanacks* misshap'd Anatomy,
 Where *Aries*, head and face; *Bull*, neck and throat;
 The *Scorpion* gives the secrets; knees, the *Goat*:
 A brief of limbs foul as those beasts, or are
 Their name-sak'd signs in their strange character.
 As the Philosophers to every sence
 Marry it's object, yet with some dispence,
 And grant them a Polygamie withall,
 And these their *common Sensibles* they call:
 So is't with her, who stinted unto none,
 Unites all Sences in each action.
 The same beam heats and lights; to see her well,
 Is both to hear and feel, to tast and smell.

For

For can you want a palate in your eys,
 When each of his contains a double prize,
Venus his apple? can th' eyes want nose,
 When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant Rose?
 Or can the sight be deaf, if she but speak,
 A well-tun'd face such moving Rhetorick?
 Doth not each look a flash of light'ning feel
 Which spare the bodies sheath, and melts the steels?
 Thy soul must needs confesse, or grant thy sence
 Corrupted with the objects excellence.
 Sweet Magick, which can make five senses lie
 Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
 In whom since all the five are intermixt,
 Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt!
 Thou man of mouth, that canst not name a She
 Unless all nature pay a Subsidie,
 Whose language is a Tax, whose Musk-cat verse
 Voids nought but flowers for thy Muses herse,
 Fitter than *Celia's* looks, who in a trice
 Canst state the long disputed Paradise:
 And with Divines hunt with so cold a sent,
 Canst in her bosom find it resident.
 Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,
 And give some vent unto thy daring strain.
 Say the Astrologer, who spells the stars,
 In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,
 Mistakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
 Interprets heavens Physiognomy.
 Call her the Metaphysicks of her Sex,
 And say she tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex

Physicians: call her the *Square Circle*, say
She is the very rule of *Algebra*.
What e're you undertake not, say't of her,
For that's the vway to vwrite her Character.
Say this and more, and vwhen thou hop'st to raise
Thy fanſie ſo as to incloſe her praiſe,
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperboles are here but ſacriledge.
Then rounze up Muſe, vwhat thou haſt reveal'd out,
Some comments clear not, but increaſe the doubt.
She that affords poor mortalls not a glance
Of knowvledge, but is knowvn by ignorance,
She that commits a rape on every ſence,
Whoſe breath can countermand a peſtilence;
She that can ſtrike the beſt invention dead,
Till baſſed Poetry hangs down her head,
She, ſhe it is, ſhe that contains all bliſſe,
And make the vworld but her Periphrasiſ.

UP.



UPON
SIR THOMAS MARTIN,
Who subscribed a Warrant thus:

We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee, &c. when there was no Knight but himself.

HAng out a flag, and gather pence apiece
(Which *Africk* never bred, nor swelling *Greece*
With stories timpany) a beast so rare
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, nor *Bartlemew* fare
Ban match him; natures whimsey, one that out-vies
Tredeskin and his ark of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious sights
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights*;
But is this bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas*, and Sir *Martin* too?
Issachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou *Knighthood* in a pair of Panniers.
Thou that look'st wrapt up in thy warlike leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orson* bound together,
Spurs representative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthurs Table*:
Who in this sacrilegious masse of all
It seems ha's swallowed *Windsors Hospitall*.

Pair-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen :
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
 Had he but trump on thee, whose forked neck
 Might well have answered at the Font for *Smuck*.
 But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie
 Mettall on Mettall in ill Armory.
 And yet the known *Godfrey of Bullion's* coat
 Shines in exception to the *Heralds* vote.
 Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,
 Their actions though eccentrick, state the cause,
 And *Priscus* bleeds with honor: *Cesar* thus
 Subscrib'd two *Consuls* with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded *Squire*, scarce *Ycoman* high
 Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dy.
 Fond man ! whose fate is in his name betray'd
 It is the setting Sun doubles his shade,
 But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he
 May have a Knight hang'd, yet *Sir Tom* go free.

*On the memory of Mr. Edward King,
drown'd in the Irish Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificiall grief who scans his eyes,
Mine weep down pious beads, but why should I
Confine them to the Muses Rosary?
I am no poet here; my pen's the spout
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes runs out
In pity of that Name, whose fate we see
Thus copi'd out in griefs Hydrography:
The muses are not Mair-maids, though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*.
The Sea's too rough for verse; who rhimes upon't
With *Xerxes* Rives to fetter th' *Hellepont*.
My tears will keep no channell, know no laws
To guide their streams; but (like the waves their
Run with disturbance, til they swallow me (cause)
As a description of his misery.
But can his spacious vertue find a grave
Within th' impostum'd bubble of a wave?
Whose learning if we sound, we must confesse
The sea but shallow, and him bottomlesse.
Could not the winds to counter-mand thy death,
With their vvhole card of lungs redeem thy breath?
Or some new Island in thy rescue peep,
To heave thy resurrection from the deep?
That so the world might see thy safety vvrought,
With no lesse vvonder than thy self vvwas thought.

The

The famous *St Agathe*, who in his life
 Had nature as familiar as his wife,
 Bequeath'd his Widow to survive with thee,
 Queen Dowager of all Philosophy:
 An ominous Legacy, that did portend
 Thy fate and Predecessors second end
 Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
 The sea can parallel in shape, and kind:
 Books, arts, and tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an University.

We'll dive no more for pearls, the hope to see
 Thy sacred reliques of mortality
 Shall welcome storms, and make the sea-men prize
 His shipwrack now more than his merchandize.
 He shall embrace the waves, and to thy tomb
 As to a *Royall Exchange* shall come:
 What can we now expect? water, and fire;
 Both elements our ruine do conspire:
 And that dissolves us, which doth us compound?
 One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
 We of the Gown out Libraries must toss,
 To understand the greatnesse of our loss,
 Be pupils to our grief, and so much grow
 In learning, as our sorrows overflow.
 When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eys,
 We'll issue't forth, and vent such Elegies,
 As that our tears shall seem the *Irish* seas,
 We floating Islands, living *Hebrides*.

On

On the same.

TELL me no more of *Storcks*: canst thou tell
 Who 'twas that when the waves began to swell,
 The ship to sink, sad passengers to call,
 [Master we perish] slept secure of all?
 Remember this, and him that waking kept
 A mind as constant as he did that slept.
 Canst thou give credit to his zeal and love,
 That went to Heaven, and to those flames above
 Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? since I heard
 Who 't was, that on his knees the Vessell steer'd
 With hands bolt up to heaven, since I see
 As yet no sign of his mortality;
 Pardon me, Reader, if I say he's gone
 The self-same journey in a wary one.

Upon

Upon an HERMAPHRODITE.

SIr, or Madam, chuse you whether,
 Nature twist'd you both together:
 And makes thy soul two garbs confesse,
 Both petticoat and breeches dresse.
 Thus we chastise the God of Wine,
 With water that is feminine,
 Untill the cooler nymph abate
 His wrath, and so concorporate.
Adam till his rib was lost,
 Had both Sexes thus ingroft:
 When Providence our Sire did cleave;
 And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
 Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
 To make his body up compleat:
 Thus Matrimony speaks but *Thes*
 In a grave solemnity.
 For man and wife make but one right
 Canonicall *Hermaphrodite*,
 Ravel thy body, and I find
 In every limb a double kind:
 Who would not think that head a pair
 That breeds such factions in the hair?
 One half so churlish in the touch,
 That rather then indure so much,
 It would my tender limbs apparrell
 In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:

But the other half so small,
 And so amorous withall,
 That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
 A string for his invis'ble bow.
 When I look babies in thine eys,
 Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
 And though thy beauty be high noon,
 Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon,
 How many melting kisses skip
 'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
 'Twixt thy upper brush of hair
 And thy nether beards despair?
 When thou speak'st, I would not wrong
 Thy sweetnesse with a double tongue:
 But in every single sound
 A perfect Dialogue is found.
 Thy breasts distinguish one another;
 This the sister, that the brother.
 When thou joyn'st hands, my ear still fancies
 The Nuptiall sound, I *John* take *Frances*:
 Feel but the difference, soft, and rough,
 This a Gantlet, that a Muff:
 Had fly *Ulysses* at the sack
 Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
 And weapons too to know *Achilles*
 From King *Nichomedes* *Phyllis*,
 His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
 The needle, that the warlike steel.
 When musick doth thy pace advance,
 Thy right leg takes thy left to dance,

Nor

Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one;
 But a mixt dance, though alone:
 Thus every heteroclite part
 Changes gender, not thy heart.
 Nay those which modesty can mean,
 And dare not speak, are Epicene;
 That gamester needs must overcome,
 That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
 Thus did Natures mintage vary,
 Coyning thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Authors.

HERMAPHRODITE,

Made after Mr. Randolph's death, yet inserted into his POEMS.

PRObleme of Sexes; must thou likewise be
 As disputable in thy Pedigree?
 Thou twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries
 To throw lesse then Aums ace upon two Dices:
 Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
 To split thy Sire into a double rather?
 True, the worlds scales are even: what the main
 In one place gets, another quits again.

Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
 Slice one in two, to keep her number just :
 Plurality of livings is thy state,
 And therefore mine must be improprieate.
 For, since the child is mine, and yet the claim
 Is intercepted by anothers name,
 Never did steeple carry double truer,
 His is the donative, and mine the cure:
 Then say my Muse (and without more dispute)
 Who 'tis that fame doth superinstitute.
 The *Theban* Wittall, when he once descries,
Jove is his rivall, falls to sacrifice :
 That name hath tipt his horns: see on his knees;
 A health to Hans-en-Kelder *Hercules*.
 Nay sublunary cuckolds are content
 To entertain their fate with complement;
 And shall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
 To quarter with his Muse both arms and brains ?
 Grammercy Gossip, I rejoyce to see
 Shee'th got a leap of such a Barbary.
 Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets crest;
 For since the Muses left their former nest,
 To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph's* quill,
 Cuckold *Pernassus* is a forked hill.

But stay, I've wak't his dust, his Marble stirs,
 And brings the worms for his compurgators.
 Can Ghost have naturall sons? say *Ogg*, is't meet,
 Penance bear date after the winding sheet ?
 Were it a *Phoenix* (as the double kind
 May seem to prove, being there's two combin'd)

It would disclaim my right, and that it were
 The lawfull issue of his ashes, swear.
 But was he dead? did not his soul translate
 Her self into a shop of lesser rate?
 Or break up house, like an expensive Lord,
 That gives his purse a fob, and lives at board?
 Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp,
 And still there's hopes't may prove his bastard imp:
 But I'me prophane; For grant the world had one,
 With whom he might contract an union,
 They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,
 I'th body joyn'd, but parted in the head.

For you my brat, that pose the *Porph'ry Chair*,
 Pope *Iohn*, or *Ioan*, or whatsoe're you are,
 You are a nephew, grieve not at your state,
 For all the world is illegitimate.
 Man cannot get a man, unlesse the Sun
 Club to the act of generation.
 The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and *I*
 Are the joynt-fathers of thy Poetry.
 For since (blest shade) this verse is male, but mine
 O'th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine:
 Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no slaughter,
 So shall it be thy son, and yet my daughter.

Square Cap.

Come hither *Apollo's* bouncing Girl;
 And in a whole *Hippacrene* of herry
 Let's drink a round till our brains do whirl,
 Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry;
 A Cambridge-Lasse, *Venus-like*, born of the froth
 Of an old half-fill'd Jug of barley broth,
 She, she's my Mistris, her Suiters are many,
 But shee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere she have any.

And first for the Plush-sake the *Monmouth-cap* comes,
 Shaking his head like an empty bottle,
 With his new fangled oath, *By Jupiters thumbs*,
 That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
 He tells her that after the death of his Grannam,
 He shall have---God knows what *per annum*:
 But still she replies, good Sir, La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Then Calot *Leather-cap* strongly pleads,
 And fain would derive the pedigree of fashion:
 The *Antipodes* wear their shoes on their heads,
 And why may not we in their imitation?
 Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would please,
 If it were but well tost on *S. Thomas* his Lees.
 But still she repli'd, good Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *Wrought-cap*,
 With a long wasted conscience towards a Sister,
 And making a chappell of ease of her lap,
 First he said grace, and then he kist her.
 Belov'd, quoth he, thou art my Text,
 Then falls he to use and Application next:
 But then she replied, your Text (Sir) I'll be,
 For then I'm sure you'll ne'r handle me.

But see where *Sattain-cap* scouts about,
 And fain would this wench in his fellowship marry
 He told her how such a man was not put out,
 Because this wedding he closely did carry.
 Hee'l purchase Induction by Simony,
 And offers her money her incumbent to be.
 But still she replied, good Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophister by his *Round-cap*,
 Nor in their fallacies are they divided;
 The one milks the pocket, the other the rap;
 And yet this wench he fain would have bridged.
 Come leave these thred-bare Schollers, quoth he,
 And give me livery and season of thee:
 But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Oration,
 For I never will be your Impropriation.
 I pray you therefore good Sir La-bee;
 For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me:

Upon PHILLIS walking in a

Morning before Sun-rising.

THe sluggish morn, as yet undrest,
 My *Phillis* brake from out her East;
 As if shee'd made a match to run
 With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun.
 The trees, like Yeomen of her guard,
 Serving more for pomp than ward,
 Bank'd on each side with loyall duty,
 Wave branches to inclose her beauty.
 The plants, whose luxury was lop't,
 Or age with crutches underpropt,
 Whose wooden carkases are grown
 To be but coffins of their own,
 Revive, and at her generall dole
 Each receives his ancient soul.
 The winged Choristers began
 To chirp their Mattins: and the Fan
 Of whistling winds, like Organs, plaid,
 Untill their Voluntaries made
 The wak'ned earth in odours rise
 To be her morning-Sacrifice.
 The flowers call'd out of their beds,
 Start and raise up their drowfie heads,
 And he that for their colour seeks,
 May find it vaulting in her cheeks

Where

Where Roses mix: no civill war
 Between her *York* and *Lancaster*.
 The Marigold, whose Courtiers face
 Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
 Her at his rise, at his full stop
 Packs, and shuts up her gawdy shop;
 Mistakes her kue, and doth display:
 Thus *Phillis* antidates the day.

These miracles had cramp't the Sun,
 Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
 Powders with light his frizled locks,
 To see what Saints his lustre mocks.
 The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
 Dapling the walk with light and shade,
 Like lattice-windows, give the spy
 Room but to peep with half an eye,
 Least her full Orb his sight should dim,
 And bids us all good-night in him,
 Till she would spend a gentle ray,
 To force us a new-fashion'd day.

But what religious Palsie's this,
 Which makes the boughs divest their blisse?
 And that they might her footsteps straw,
 Drop their leaves with shivering awe.
Phillis perceives, and (least her stay
 Should wed October unto May;
 And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
 Devotion might an Autumn bring)
 Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
 But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon

Upon a M I S E R that made a
*a great feast; and the next day
 died for grief.*

N Or scapes he so: our dinner was so good,
 My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cud;
 And what delight she took in th' invitation,
 Strives to tast o're again in this relation.

After a tedious Grace in *Hopkins* rithme,
 Not for devotion, but to take up time,
 March'd the train'd band of dishes usher'd there,
 To shew their postures, and then *as they were*.
 For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
 He will afford the lovers gluttony;
 This is a feast, a muster, not a fight,
 Our weapons not for service, but for fight.

But are we tantaliz'd? is all this meat
 Cook'd by a Limner, for to view, not eat?
 Th' Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup
 On joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.
 Whatever feasts be made are sum'd up here,
 His table vyes not standing with his chear.
 His Churchings, Christnings, in this meal are all,
 And not transcrib'd, but in th' Originall.
 Christmas is no feast moveable; for lo
 The self-same dinner was ten years ago;
 'Twill be immortall, if it longer stay,
 The Gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.

But stay a while, unlesse my whinyard fail
 Or is enchanted, I'll cut off th' intail.
Saint George for England then, have at the mutton,
 When the first cut calls me bloud-thirsty glutton;
 What *Ajax* with his anger quod I'd brain
 Killing a sheep thought *Agamemnon* slain,
 The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his rost,
 Ilamentably butcher up mine host;
 Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon
 Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his capon.
 Cut a Goof-leg, and the poor soul for moan
 Turns creeple too, and after stands on one.

Have you not heard the abominable sport
 A *Lancaster* Grand Jury will report?
 The souldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
 The cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*
 Whips off great Pusses leg, which by some charm
 Proves the next day such an old womans arm:
 'Tis so with him, whose carkase never scapes,
 But still we flash them in a thousand shapes;
 Our serving-men, like Spaniels range, to spring
 The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.
 Should he on Widgeon, and on Woodcock feed,
 It were (*Thyestes* like) on his own breed.
 To pork he pleads a superstition due,
 But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
 Sawces we should have none, had he his wish,
 The Oranges i'th margent of the dish,
 He with such Huxters tells them o're and o're,
 Th' *Hesperian* Dragon never watcht them more.

But being eaten now into despair,
 Having nought else to do, he falls to prayer.
 As thou didst once put on the form of Bull,
 And turn'st thy *To* to a lovely Mull,
 Defend my rump great *Love*, grant this poor beef
 May live to comfort me in all this grief.
 But no *Amen* was said: See, see it comes,
 Draw boys, let trumpets sound & strike up drums.
 See how his blond doth with the gravy swim,
 And every trencher has a limb of him. (deeper,
 The Ven'sons now in view, our hounds spend
 Strange Deer which in the Pasty hath a keeper
 Stricter than in the Park, making his guest
 (As he had stoln't alive) to steal it drest:
 The scent was hot, and we pursuing faster,
 Than *Ovids* pack of dogs e're char'd their Master,
 A double prey at once may seize upon,
Alcion and his Case of Venison:
 Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worse,
 Death serves him up now as a second course.
 Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
 He would have liv'd only to save his meat.

A Young Man to an Old Woman Courting him.

PEace Beldam *Eve*, surcease thy suit;
 There's no temptation in such fruit.
 No rotten medlers, whilst there be
 Whole Orchards in *Virginity*.
 Thy stock is too much out of date
 For tender plants t' inoculate.
 A match with thee thy bridegroom fears,
 Would be thought int'rest in his years.
 Which when compar'd to thine, become
 Odd money to thy Grandam summe.
 Can Wedlock know so great a curse
 As putting husbands out to Nurse?
 How *Pond* and *Rivers* would mistake,
 And cry new Almanacks for our sake?
 Time sure hath wheel'd about his year,
December meeting *Janiver*.
 Th' Egyptian Serpent figures time,
 And stript, returns unto his Prime:
 If my affection thou would'st win,
 First cast thy Hieroglyphick skin.
 My modern lips know not (alack)
 The old Religion of thy smack.
 I count that primitive imbrace,
 As out of fashion as thy face.
 And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,
 Thy fornications classicall.

Out.

Our sports will differ: thou may'st play,
Leero, and I *Alphonso* way.
 I'me no Translator; have no vein
 To turn a woman young again:
 Unless you'll grant the Tailor's due;
 To see the fore-bodies be new:
 I love to wear cloaths that are flush,
 Not prefacing old rags with plush:
 Like Aldermen, or Monster-Sheriffs,
 With canvas backs, and velvet sleeves.
 And just such discord there would be
 Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.
 Go stndy salve and treacle, ply
 Your tenants leg, or his sore eye;
 Thus *Masons* purchase credit, thank
 Six penni-worth of Mountebank.
 Or chew thy cood on some delight
 Thou takest in thy *Eighty Eight*.
 Or be but bed-rid once, and then
 Thou'lt dream thy youthfull sins agens:
 But if thou needs wilt be my Spouse,
 First hearken, and attend my vows.
When Aetna's fires shall undergo
The penance of the Alps in snow,
When Sol at one blast of his horn
Posts from the Crab to Capricorn;
When th' heavens shuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the frozen Zone;
When all these contradictions meet,
 Then (Sybill) thou and I will greet.

For

For all these similies do hold
 In my young heat and thy dull cold;
 Then if a Feaver be so good
 A Pimp as to inflame thy blond,
 Hymen shall twist thee, and thy page
 The distinct Tropick of mans age.
 Well (Madam time) be ever bald,
 I'll not thy Perywig be call'd.
 I'll never be 'stead of a lover,
 An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. K. T. who askt
him why he was Dumb,

Say, should I answer (Lady) then
 In vain would be your question.
 Should I be dumb, why then again
 Your asking me would be in vain.
 Silence nor speech (on neither hand)
 Can satisfie this strange demand.
 Yet since your will throws me upon
 This wished contradiction,

I'll

I'll tell you how I did become
So strangely (as you hear me) dumb.

Ask but the chap-falne Puritan,
•Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man,
For heat of conscience all men hold,
Is th' only way to catch their cold:
How should loves zealot then forbear
To be your silenc'd Minister?

Nay your Religion, which doth grant
A worship due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue:
My ruder words would give offence
To such an hallow'd excellence;
As th' English Dialect would vary
The goodnesse of an *Ave Mary*.

How can I speak, that twice am checkt
By this and that Religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I spy
Still cause, and still Divinity!
As soon as blest with your salute,
My manners taught me to be mute:
For, least they cancell all the blisse,
You sign'd with so divine a kisse,
The lips you seal must needs consent
Unto the tongues imprisonment.
My tongue in hold, my voice doth rise
With a strange *E-la* to my eys,
Where it gets bail, and in that sense
Begins a new-found Eloquence:

Oh listen with attentive sight,
To what my prating eys indite:
Or (Lady) since 'tis in your choice,
To give, or to suspend my voice,
VVith the same key set ope the door
VVherewith you lockt it fast before;
Kisse once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My Muse shall write with Handmaids duty
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbnesse now confines,
But means to speak the rest by signs.

I. C.

A FAIRE NYMPH scorning
a Black Boy Courting her.

Nymph. STAND off, and let me take the air,
SWhy should the smoak pursue the fair?

Boy. My face is smoak, thence may be guess't
VVhat flames within have scorch'd my brest,

Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.

Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps loves taper;
Surer then yours that's of white paper.

C

VVhat-

Oh

Whatever mid-night hath been here,
The Moon-shine of your light can clear.

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,
If thou shouldst interpose thy shade.

Boy. Yet one thing (sweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy for me a new false Mask.

Nymph. Yes: but my bargain shall be this,
I'll throw my Mask off when I kisse.

Boy. Our curl'd embraces shall delight,
To checquer limbs with black and white.

Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me guesse,
Our Nuptiall bed will make a presse;
And in our sports if any came,
They'll read a wanton Epigram.

Boy. Why should my black thy love impair?
Let the dark thop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbears,
I'll strive to wash it off with tears.

Nymph. Spare fruitlesse tears, since thou must need
Still wear about thee mourning weeds:
Tears can no more affection win,
Then wash thy Ethiopian skin.

A Dialogue betweene two ZEALOTS upon the &c. in the OATH.

SIR Roger, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
 Raised to a Vicar of the Children threes;
 Whose yearly Audit may, by strict accompr,
 To twenty Nobles and his Vails amount;
 Fed on the common of the female charity,
 Untill the Scots can bring about their parity;
 So shotten, that his soul like to himself,
 Walks but in *Querpoth* his same Clergy Elf,
 Encount'ring with a Brother of the Cloth,
 Fell presently to Cudgells with the Oath:
 The Quarrell was a strange mis-shapen Monster,
 &c. (God bleſſe us) which they conſter,
 The brand upon the buttock of the Beast,
 The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a nest
 Of young *Apotriphers*, the fashion
 Of a new mentall Reſervation.

While Roger thus divides the text, the other
 Winks and expounds, ſaying, My pious brother,
 Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
 I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
 And ſo by Revelation know it better
 Then all the learn'd Idolaters 'oth Letter.
 With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
 Like great *Goliath* with his Weavers beam:

I say to thee &c. thou li'st,
 Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist:
 Rubbish of *Babel*, for who will not say
 Tongues were confounded in &c.?
 Who swears &c. swears more oaths at once
 Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce.
 Who views it well, with the same eye beholds
 The old half Serpent in his numerous foulds.
 Accurst &c. thou, for now I scent
 What lately the prodigious Oysters meant.
 Oh *Bocker, Booker*, how can'st thou to lack
 This sign in thy prophetick Almanack?
 It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernall plot
 Of Powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
 Peruse the Oath, and you shall soon descry it,
 By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it;
 'Gainst whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,
 Shall keep another fifth day of November.
 Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruss
 &c. it's so abhominous.
 The *Trojan Nag* was not so fully lin'd,
 Unrip &c. and you shall find
 Og the great Commissary, and which is worse,
 Th' Apparatour upon his skew-bal'd horse.
 Then (finally my Babe of Grace) for ear,
 &c. will be too far to swear:
 For 'tis (to speak in a familiar stile)
 A York-shire wea-bit, longer then a mile.

Then *Roger* was inspir'd, and by Gods diggers,
 Hee'l swear at words in large, and not in figures.

Now

Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loth
 To leave &c. in his liquid Oath.
 His brother pledg'd him, and that bloudy wine,
 He swears shall seal the Synods *Cataline*.
 So they drunk on, not offering to part
 Till they had quite sworn out th' eleventh quart:
 While all that saw and heard them, joyntly pray,
 They and their tribe were all &c.

S M E C T Y M N U U S OR the CLUB-DIVINES.

S *Meetyminuus*? the Goblin makes me start:
 Si'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick*? or *Welsh*? what skilt?
 Ap all the Bricklayers that Babel built.
 Some Conjuror translate, and let me know it:
 Till then 'tis fit for a West-saxon Poet.
 But do the brother-hood then play their prizes;
 Like Mummers in Religion with disguises?
 Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
 A name, which if 'twere train'd would spread a mile;
 The Saints Monopoly, the zealous cluster,
 Which like a Porcupine presents a Muster,
 And shoots his quills at Bishops and their sees,
 A devout litter of young *Mucabees*.

Thus Jack-of-all-trades hath devoutly shown
 The twelve Apostles on a cherry-stone.
 Thus faction's All-a-Mode in treasons fashion;
 Now we have Heresie by Complication,
 Like to *Don Quixote's* Rosary of slaves
 Strung on a chain; a Murnivall of knaves
 Packt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,
 Or like Colleagues, which sit all of a side:
 So the vain satyrists stand all a row;
 As hallow teeth upon a Lute-string show.
 Th' *Italian* Monster pregnant with his brother,
 Natures *Dyeresis*, half one another,
 He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,
 Must both give way unto *Smellymnus*,
 Next *Sturbridge-Fair* is *Smec's*; for lo his side
 Into a five-fold *Lazar's* multipl'd.
 Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyssard;
 Five faces lurk under one single vizzard.
 The whore of *Babylon* left these brats behind,
 Heirs of confusion by *Gavel* kind.
 I think *Pythagoras's* soul is rambl'd hither,
 With all the change of Rayment on together;
Smec is her generall Ward-robe, shee'l not dare
 To think of him as of a thorough-fare;
 He stops the Gossiping Dame; alone he is
 The purlew of a *Ademptuchosis*.
 Like a Scotch mark, where the more modest sense
 Checks the loud phrase, and shrinks to 13. pence:
 Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,
 Though sometimes tripartite, joyns in the same:
Like

Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly spell'd,
Into one man are monosyllabled.

Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.

See, see, how close the curs hunt under sheet,
As if they spent in Quire, and scan'd their feet.

One cure and five Incumbents leap a truss,
The title sure must be litigious.

The *Sadduces* would raise a question,
Who must be *Smec* at the Resurrection.

Who cook'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire-drawn, and spun out their name

'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Against the Bishops, and their superstition.

Robson and *French* (that count from five to five
As far as nature fingers did contrive,

She saw they would be seffers, that's the cause
She cleft their hoof into so many claws)

May tire their carret bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smectymnus* for Polemony.

Caligula, whose pride was mankind's bail,
As who disdain'd to murder by retail;

Wishing the world had but one generall neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec*.

No eccho can improve the Authour more,
Whose lungs pay use on use to half a score:

No Felton is more letter'd, though the brand
Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand.

Some Welch-man was his God-father, for he
Wears in his name his Genealogy.

The Banes are askt, would but the time give way,
Betwixt *Smellymnus* and *Et cetera*.

The Guests invited by a friendly summons,
Should be the convocation and the commons,

The Priest to tye the Foxes tails together,
Moseley, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whether.

See, what an off-spring every one expects !

What strange pluralities of men and sects ?

One saies hee'l get a Vestery, another

Is for a Synod: Bet upon the mother:

Faith cry *St. George*, let them go to't, and stickle,
Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.

Thus might religions catterwaul, and spight,
Which ules to divorce, might once unite.

But their crosse fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displai'd.

My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milke;
So many cards i'th stock, and yet be bilke?

I could by letters now untwist the rabble;

VVhip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.

But there I leave you to another dressing,

Only kneel down, and take your fathers blessing.

May the *Queen-Mother* justifie your fears,

And stretch her Patent to your leatherr ears.

The

The mixt Assembly.

Flea-bitten Synod; an Assembly brew'd
 Of Clerks and Elders *ana*, like the rude
 Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
 With the tame wool-pack Clergy by their side.
 Who askt the Banes 'twixt these discolour'd mates?
 A strange Grotosco this, the Church and States
 Most divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew,
 To serve as table-men of divers hue.
 She that conceiv'd an *Aethiopian* heir
 By picture, when the parents both were fair,
 At sight of you had born a dappled son,
 You checquering her imagination.
 Had *Jasob's* flock but seen you sit, the dams
 Had brought forth speckled, & ringstreaked lambs.
 Like an Impropropriators Motley kind,
 Whose scarlet Coat is with a cassock lin'd.
 Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
 Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.
 Like *Royston* crows, who are (as I may say)
 Friers of both the Orders *Black* and *Grey*.
 So mixt they are, one knows not whether thicker,
 A Layre of *Burgesse* or a Layre of *Vicar*.
 Have they usurp'd what Royall *Judah* had?
 And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?

The

The Scepter and the Crozier are the crutches,
Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,
Will fail the Cripple state. And wert not pity
But both should serve the yardwand of the City?
That *Isaac* might stroak his beard, and sit
Judge of *his ads* and *Elegerit*.

Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn!
The Misselany satyr, and the fawn,
And all the adulteries of twisted nature,
But faintly represent this ridling feature,
Weose members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellows at the Resurrection.

Strange scarlet Doctors these, they'l passe in story
For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules
The fading fables, and the coming gules.
The flea that *Falstaff* damn'd, thus lewdly shows
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Nose,
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
This shoulder *John-a-stiles*, that *John-a-Nokes*:
Like Jews and Christians in a ship together,
With an old Neck-verse to distinguish either.
Like their ingended Discipline to boot,
Or whatsoe're hath neither head nor foot:
Such may their stript-stuff-hangings seem to be,
Sacriledge matcht with Codpiece-symony;
Be sick and drest a little, you may then
Phansie these Linsie-Woolfie Vestry men.

Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such company may chance to spoil thy swearing:

And

And these Drum-Major oaths of Bulk untruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.

He that the Noble *Percey* blood inherits,
Will he strike up a *Hot-spur* of the spirits?

Hee'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,

With his uncircumcised *Algernon*:

A name so stubborn, 'tis not to be scan'd

By him in *Gath* with the six finger'd hand.

See, they obey the Magick of my words.

Presto, they're gone, and now the House of Lords

Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg

But with three teeth, like to a triple gagg.

A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance

Fielding, and doxy *Marshall* first advance,

Twiss blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving brace

Puts on the traces, and treads cinque-a-pace.

Then *Say and Seal* must his old hamstrings supple;

And he and rumpled *Palmer* make a couple.

Palmer's a fruitfull girl, if hee'l unfold her,

The midwife may find work about her shoulder.

Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,

Must be content to saddle Doctor *Burges*:

If *Burges* get a clap 'tis ne'r the worse,

But the first time of his Compurgators,

Nol Bowls is coy, good sadnesse cannot dance

But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Lidz*,

Like the full Moon, hath made his Lordship giddy.

Pym and the *Members* must their giblets levy,

T'incounter *Madam Smec* that single Bevy.

If

If they two truck together, will not be
 A Child-birth, but a Goal-delivery.
 Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
 But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himself,
 And well may be, there's more Divines in him
 Then in all this their Jewish *Sanhedrim*:
 Whose Canons in the forge shall then bear date
 When Mules their Cofin Germans generate.
 Thus *Moses* Law is vialoted now,
 The Ox and the Ass go yok'd in the same ploughe
 Refign thy Coach-box *Twisse*; *Brook's* Preacher, he
 Would sort the beasts with more conformity.
 Water & earth make but one globe a Round-head
 Is Clergy-Lay Party-per-pale compounded.

The Kings Disguise.

ANd why a Tenant to this vile disguise, (cye?)
 Which who but sees, blasphemeth thee with his
 My twins of light within their penthouse shrink;
 And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
 Oh for a state-distinction to arraign
Charles of high Treason 'gainst my Sovereign.
 What an usurper to his Prince is wont,
 Cloyster and shave him, he himself hath don't.

His muffled feature speaks him a recluse;
 His ruines prove him a religious house.
 The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
 And Majesty defac'd the Royall stamp.
 Is't not enough thy Dignity's in thrall,
 But thou'lt transmute it in thy shape and all?
 As if thy Blacks vvere of too faint a die,
 Without the tincture of Tautology.
 Flay an Egyptian for his Caslock skin
 Spun of his Countreys darknesse, line't vvithin
 With Presbyterian budge, that droovsle trance,
 The Synod sable, foggy ignorance.
 Nor bodily nor ghostly Negro could
 Rough-cast thy figure in a sadder mould:
 This Privie-chamber of thy shape would be
 But the close mourner of thy Royalty.
 'Twill break the circle of thy Jailors spell,
 A Pearl within a rugged Oysters shell.
 Heaven, which the Minster of thy person owns,
 Will fine thee for Dilapidations:
 Like to a martyr'd Abbeys courser doom,
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon room:
 Or like the Colledge by the changeling rabble,
Manebbers Elves, transform'd into a stable.
 Or if there be a prophanation higher,
 Such is the sacriledge of thine attire,
 By which th'art half depos'd, thou look'st like one
 Whose looks are under Sequestration.
 Whose Renegado form, at the first glance,
 Shews like the self-denying Ordinance.

Angel

Angell of light, and darknesse too, I doubt,
 Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without:
 Majestick twi-light in the state of grace,
 Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different mint,
 A Psalm of mercy in a miscreant print.
 The Sun wears mid-night, day is beetle-brow'd,
 And lightning is in Keldar of a cloud:
 Oh the accurst Stenography of fate!
 The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat.
 What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
 That shrinks his raies to this Apostasie?
 It is no subtile film of rissany ayre,
 No cob-web vizard, such as Ladies wear,
 When they are veil'd on purpose to be seen,
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquish'd screen:
 Nor the false scabbard of a Princes tough
 Metall, and three pil'd darknesse, like the flogh
 Of an imprisoned flame, 'tis *False* in grain,
 Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
 Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick Castle* Vote
 Rang. *Britains* Cusfeu, so our light went out.
 Thy visage is not legible, the letters,
 Like a Lords name writ in phantastick fatters:
 Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,
 Sure they would fit the body Politique.
 False beard enough to fit a stages plot,
 For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot.
 Nay all his properties so strange appear,
 Yare not 'th' presence, though the King be there.

A Libell is his dresse, a garb uncouth,
 Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
 Scribling assassinate, thy lines attest
 An ear-mark due, Cub of the blatant beast,
 Whose wrath before 'tis syllabled for worse,
 Is blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse.
 The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind
 Wasting to hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind
 It to the barque, which at the voyage end
 Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the fiend.
 But I'll not dub thee with a glorious scar,
 Nor sink thy skullar with a man of War.
 The black-mouth'd *Siguit*, and this slandering suit,
 Both do alike in picture execute.
 But since we're all call'd Papists, why not date
 Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?
 As Temples use to have their Porches wrought
 With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
 And puzzling Pourtraitures, to shew that there
 Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

But pardon Sir, since I presume to be
 Clark of this Closet to your Majesty;
 Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dresse
 I see the Gospel coucht in parables.
 At my next view, my pur-blind fancy ripes,
 And shews Religion in it's dusky types.
 Such a Text Royall, so obscure a shade,
 Was *Solomon* in Proverbs all array'd.

Come all the brats of this expounding age,
 To whom the spirit is in pupillage;

You

You that damn more then ever *Sampson* flew,
 And with his engine, the same jaw-bone too:
 How is't he scapes your Inquisition free,
 Since bound up in the Bibles livery?
 Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,
 You that dim Jewells with your Bristoll-fence:
 And Characters, like VVitches, so torment,
 Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent.
 Keys for this Coffer you can never get,
 None but *S. Peter's* ope's this Cabinet.
 This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight
 Critick Spectators with redundant light.
 A Prince most seen, is least: VVhat Scriptures call
 The Revelation, is most mysticall.

Mount then thou shadow royall, and with hast
 Advance thy morning star, *Charles's* overcast.
 May thy strange journey contradictions twist,
 And force fair weather from a scottish mist,
 Hear us Confessors are pos'd, those star-ey'd sages
 To interpret Eclipse, thus riding stages.
 Thus *Israel*-like, he travells with a cloud,
 Both as a conduct to him, and a shroud.
 But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
 A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shoos.

The

THE REBEL SCOT:

HOW! Providencel and yet a Scottis crew!
 Then Madam nature wears black patchestoo:
 What? shall our Nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a Land that truckles under us?
 Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
 Not all the buckets in a Countrey Quire
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd
 When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
 And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
 To see his Countrey sick of *Pym's* disease
 By Scotch invasion, to be made a prey
 To such *Pig-wiggin Myrmidons* as they?
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of *Scot* without an antidote;
 Unlesse my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poyson too.
 Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismall note
 Disgorgeth halts as a Juglers throat
 Doth ribbands: could I (in *Sir Emp'ricks* tone)
 Speaks Pills in phrase, and quack destruction:
 Or roar like *Marshall*, that *Genevab* Bull,
 Hell and damnation a pulpit full:

Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
 I must (like *Hocus*) swallow daggers first.

Come keen *Iambicks*, with your badgers feet,
 And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet.
 Help ye tart Satyrists, to imp my rage,
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this age.
Scots are like Witches, do but whet your pen,
 Scratch til the bloud come; they'll not hurt you then.
 Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites, at stake,
 I'll bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eyes,
 A *Scot* within a beast is no disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmlesse Nation
 Fosters no Venom, since the Scots plantation:
 Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;
 Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
 The Scot that kept the Tower, might have shown
 (Within the grate of his own brest alone)
 The Leopard and the Panther, and ingross'd
 What all those wild Collegiats had cost:
 The honest high-shoes, in their termly fees
 First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.
 Nature her self doth Scotch-men beasts confesse,
 Making their Countrey such a wilderness:
 A Land that brings in question and suspense
 Gods omnipresence, but that *Charles* came thence
 But that *Montrose* and *Crawfords* loyall band
 Acton'd their sins, and christ'ned half the Land;

Not

Nor is it all the Nation bath these spots;
 There is a Church, as well as Kirk of Scots:
 As in a picture, where the squinting paint
 Shews fiend on this side, and on that side saint:
 He that saw hell in's melancholy dream,
 And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam,
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,
 Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd Profelite:
 A Land, where one may pray with curst intent,
 O may they never suffer banishment! (doom,
 Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his
 Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
 Like Jews they spread, and as infection flie,
 As if the divell had Ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and descie
 This or that place, rags of Geography.
 They're Citizens o' th world; they're all in all,
 Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
 And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
 How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad;
 To return knowing in the Spanish thrug,
 Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
 Resembles most, in belly, or in beard.
 (The Card by which the Mariners are steer'd:)
 No; the Scots-Errant fight, and fight to eat;
 Their *Estrich-stomacks* make their *swords* their *meats*:
 Nature with Scots as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
 Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt.
 Yet wonder not at this their happy choise;
 The Serpent's fatall still to *Paradise*.

Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and these
 On the North posture of the patient seize,
 Like Leeches, thus they physically thirst
 After our bloud, but in the cure shall burst.
 Let them not think to make us run o'th score,
 To purchase villanage as once before,
 When an Act pass'd to stroak them on the head,
 Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
 Nor gold, nor acts of grace, 'tis steel must tame
 The stubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim
 Rebels by yeelding, doth like him, (or worse)
 Who saddled his own back, to shame his horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
 Thus to lard *Israel* with *Egypt*s spoil?
 They are the Gospells Life-guard, but for them,
 The Garrison of new Jerusalem,
 What would the Brethren do? the cause! the cause!
 Sack possets, and the fundamentall Laws!
 Lord! what a goodly thing is want of shirts!
 How a Scotch-stomack, and no meat, converts!
 They wanted food, and rayment; so they took
 Religion for their Seamstresse, and their Cook.
 Unmask them well; their honours and estate,
 As well as conscience are sophisticate.
 Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
 A Laird & twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise
 When constru'd but for a plain Yeoman go,
 And a good sober two-pence, and well so.
 Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,
 You Piets in Gentry and devotion:

You scandal to the stock of Verse, a race
 Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.
 The Indian, that heaven did forswear,
 Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
 Had he but known what Scots in hell had been,
 He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between:
 My Muse hath done. A Voider for the nonce;
 I wrong the divell, should I pick their bones.
 That dish is his; for when the Scots decease,
 Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
 A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
 Drops into *Stryx*, and turns a Solun-Goose.

D₃ The

The Scots Apostasie:

IS't come to this? what shall the cheeks of Fame,
 Stretcht with the breath of learned *London*
 Be flag'd again? & that great piece of sense, (name,
 As rich in Loyalty, as Eloquence,
 Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?
 Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
 The divell sure such language, did achieve
 To cheat our un-fore-warn'd *Grandam Eve*,
 As this Imposture found out, to besot
 Th' experienc'd *English*, to believe a *Scot*.
 Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull sentence?
 The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
 Or did you doubt persistance in one good
 Would spoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
 Projected first in such a forge of sin,
 Was fit for the grand divells hammering?
 Or was't ambition, that this damned fact
 Should tell the world you know the sins you act?
 The infamy this super-treason brings
 Blasts more then murders of *your sixty Kings*,
 A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,
 Those hold with this no competition.
Kings only suffer'd then, in this doth lie
 Th' Assassination of *Monarchy*.
 Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,
 If not t' attempt deposing of your God.

Oh were you so ingag'd, that we might see
 Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to see,
 Till you were shrivel'd to dust; and your cold Land
 Partcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* sand;
 But 'tis reserv'd, till heaven plague you worse,
 Be Objects of an Epidemick curse.
 First, may your brethren, to whose viler ends
 Your power hath banded, cease to count you friends
 And prompted by the dictate of their reason, (son
 Reproach the *Traytors*, though they hug the *Trea-*
 And may their jealousies increase and breed,
 Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*;
 In forraign Nations may your loath'd name be
 A stigmatizing brand of infamy;
 Till forc'd by generall hate, you cease to roome
 The world, and for a plague to live at home:
 Till you resume your poverty, and be
 Reduc'd to beg, where none can be so free
 To grant; and may your scabby Land be all
 Translated to a generall Hospitall.
 Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
 To give you comfort of a summers day;
 But, as a guerdon for your trayterous war,
 Live cherisht only by the Northern star,
 No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,
 And be to all but banisht men, as lost.
 And such in heightning of the infliction due,
 Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
 Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
 But Power, your lives and liberties may aw.

No Subject 'mongst you keep a quiet brest,
 But each man strive through blood to be the best;
 Till, for those miseries on us you've brought;
 By your own sword our just revenge be wrought.
 To sum up all-- let your *Religion* be,
 As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocrisie:
 Untill, when *Charles* shall be compos'd in dust,
 Perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *just*;
 HE sav'd, incens'd heaven may have forgot
 T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*;
 Unless that *Scot* deny himself, and do
 (Whats easier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertismus.

O That I could but vote my self a Poet!
 Or had the Legislative knack to do it!
 Or like the Doctors Militant, could get
 Dub'd at adventures Verser Banneret!
 Or had I *Cacus* trick to make my rimes
 Their own Antipodes, and track the times:
Faces about, saies the *Remonstrant* spirit;
Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit:
Huntington colt, that pos'd the sage Recorder
 Might be a sturgeon now, and passe by Order.
 Had I but *Elfin*'s gift (that splay-mouth'd brother)
 That declares one way, and yet means another:
 Could I but right a-squint; then (Sir) long since
 You had been hung, *A great and glorious Prince*.

I had observ'd the language of the daies;
 Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the phrase
 With humble service, and such other Fustian, (on
 Bells which ring backward in this great comburi-
 I had revil'd you, and without offence,
The Literall, and Equitable Senor
 Would make it good: when all fails, that will do't;
 Sure that distinction cleft the divells foot.
 This were my Dialect, would your highnesse please
 To read me but with Hebrew spectacles;
 Interpret Counter, what is crosse rehears'd:
 Libells are commendations when revers'd.
 Just as an Optique glasse contracts the fight
 At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
 But you're enchanted, Sir, you're doubly free
 From the great guns, and squibbing Poetry:
 Who neither Bilbo, nor invention pierces,
 Proof even 'gainst th' artillery of Verses.
 Strange! that the Muses cannot wound your Mail;
 If not their art, yet let their sex prevail.
 At that known Leaguer, where the bonny *Besses*
 Supplied the bow-strings with their twisted tresses,
 Your spels could ne're have fenc'd you: ev'ry arrow
 Had lanc'd your noble brest & drunk the marrow:
 For beauty like white powder makes no noise;
 And yet the silent hypocrite destroys.
 Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
 Lest *Wharton* tell his Gossips of the City,
 That you kill women too; nay maids, and such
 Their *Generall* wants *Milisia* to touch.

Impotent

Impotent *Effeminate* is it not a shame
 Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish Dame*,
 Should have an *Eunuch-Guardian*? may she be
 Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather then sav'd by thee.
 But why, my Muse, like a green-sickness Girl,
 Feed'st thou on coals and dirt, a gelding Earth
 Gives no more relish to thy female palat,
 Then to that assle did once the thistle-sallat.
 Then quit the barren theme; and all at once
 Thou and thy sisters like bright *Amazons*,
 Give *Rupert* an alarm, *Rupert*! one
 Whose name is wits Superfecetation.
 Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,
 Unite all valour, present, past to come.
 He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
 That voted down plurality of souls,
 He breaths a grand Committee, all that were
 The wonders of their age, constellate here.
 And as the elder sisters growth and sence
 (Souls paramount themselves) in man commence
 But faculty of reasons Queen, no more
 Are they to him, who were compleat before;
 Ingredients of his vertue thred the beads
 Of *Casars* acts, great *Pompeys* and the Sweds:
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
 By which that vast triumvirate is span'd,
 Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read
 How long the world shal live, & when't shal bleed.
 Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath;
 For nature rais'd him of the *Publike Faith*,

Pando-

Pander's brother, to make up whose store,
 The Gods were fain to run upon the score.
 Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face;
Item an eye for *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*,
 Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z bes of the place,
 That tips their Antlets for the calf of *Stace*;
 Let the zeal twanging nose that wants a ridge,
 Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge;
 Yes, and the gossip spoon augment the sum,
 Although poor *Galeb* lose his Christendom;
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
 Which their self-wants paies in commuting pelf.
 Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew
 Gains, when made bankrupt in the scales with you,
 As he whom in his character of light
 Stil'd it *Gods shadow*, made it far more bright
 By an Eclipse so glorious, (light is dim
 And a black nothing, when compar'd to him:)
 So 'tis illustrious to be *Rupert's* foil,
 And a just trophee to be made his spoil:
 I'll pin my faith on the *Diurnalls* sleeve
 Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
 The conquests which the Common-Council hears
 With their wide list'ning mouth from the great
 That ran away in triumph: such a foe (Peers
 Can make them victors in their overthrow,
 Where providence and valour meet in one,
 Courage so poiz'd with circumspection,
 That he revives the quarrell once again
 Of the souls throne, whether in heart or brain:
 And

And leaves it a drawn match: whose fervor can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
His trumpet, like the Angells at the last,
Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.

'Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of man
(As 't was defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)

Whose righthand should a populous Land contain,
The left should be a channell to the main:

His spirit might inform th' amphibious figure,
Yet straight-lac'd sweats for a Dominion bigger:

The terrour of whose name can out of seven
(Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven.

Thus some grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
By being slain, are made more numerous.

No wonder they'l confesse no losse of men;

For *Rupert* knocks 'em, till they gig agen.

They fear the giblets of his train, they fear

Even his Dog, that four leg'd *Cavalier*:

He that devours the scraps, which *Lundsford* makes,
Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes:

Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,

But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.

'Gainst whom they have severall Articles in soure;

First that he barks against the sence o'th House.

Resolv'd Delinquent, to the tower straight,

Either to th' *Lions*, or the *Bishops* Gate:

Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th tail,

But there the sisterhood will be his bail,

At least the Countesse will, *Luft's Amsterdam*,

That lets in all religious of the game.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, he smells intelligence, that's better,
 And cheaper too, then *Pym's* from his own Letters
 Who's doubly paid (fortune, or we the blinder?)
 For making plots, and then for Fox the finder.
 Lastly, he is a divell without doubt;
 For when he would lie down, he wheels about;
 Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
 And therefore score up one for cōjuring. (quarter)
 What canst thou say, thou wretch? O Quarter,
 I'm but an instrument, a meer *S. Arthur*.
 If I must hang, O let not our fates vary;
 Whose office 'tis alike, to fetch and carry.
 No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous stir
 That string the Jesuite, will dispatch a cur.
 Were I a divell, as the Rebells fears,
 I see the House would try me by my Peers.
 There *Fowler*, there! ah *Fowler*! 't'is nought,
 What e're the accusers cry, they're at a fault;
 And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to say,
 Then when the glorious *Strafford* stood at Bay.

Thus Labels but annex to him we see,
 Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
S. Peters shadow heal'd; *Ruperts* is such,
 'Twould find *S. Peters* work, yet wound as much;
 He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
 The Cannons do but lisp and complement.
 Sure *Iove* descended in a leaden showre
 To get this *Persens*: hence the fatall power
 Of shot is strangled: bullets thus allid,
 Fear to commit an act of Parricide.

Go on brave Prince, and make the world confesse,
 Thou art the greater world, and that the lesse.
 Scatter th' accumulative King, untrusse
 That five-fold fiend, the States *Smolymanns*;
 Who place Religion in their Vellam-cars.
 As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
 England's a Paradise (and a modest Word)
 Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming sword.
 Your name can scare an Atheist to his prayers;
 And cure the Chin-cough better then the bears.
 Old *Sybil* charms the Tooth-ach with you: *Nurse*
 Makes you sit children; and the pondrous curse
 The clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you,
 (Now *Rupert* take thee, *Rogue*; how dost thou do?)
 In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph

Epitaph on the Earle of STRAFFORD.

Here lies wise and valiant dust,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and just:

Strafford, who was hurried hence

'Twixt treason and convenience.

He spent his time here in a mist,

A *Papist*, yet a *Calvinist*.

His Prince's nearest Joy and Grief,

He had, yet wanted all relief.

The Prop and Ruine of the State,

The peoples violent love and hate:

One in extreams lov'd and abhord.

Riddles lie here, or in a word,

Here lies bloud, and let it lie

Speechlesse still, and never cry.

Epitaphi-

Epitaphium *Thoma Comitiss Stras-*
fordii, &c.

EXurge Cinis; tuumque solus qui potis es scribe Epitaphium:
Nequit Wentworthi non esse facundus vel Cinis.

Effare Marmor: quem capisti comprehendere,

Mors & Expressere.

Candidius meretur urna quam quod rubric:

Notatum est literis Etognon.

Atlas Regimini Monarchico hic jaces lassus:

Secunda Orbis Divitiis intelligentia:

Rex Politia, & Prorox Hibernia.

Strasfordii, & Virtutum, Comes:

Mens Jovis, Mercurii Ingenium, & lingua Apollinis:

Cui Anglia Hiberniam debuit, seipsam Hibernia:

Sydus Aquilonis, qua sub rubricunda Eosper a occidente,

Nox simul & dies visa est: Acerrime oculo flevit,

Languaque letata est Anglia.

Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitosa Virtutis

Afforibus, morbo, morte, & invidia,

Qua ternis animosa Regnis non vici tamen,

Sed oppressit.

Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput

Belluae (vel sic) multorum Capitem:

Mercies favoris Scotici, prater pecunias:

Erubuit ut tetigit securis,

Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.

Monstrum narro: fuit tam insensus Legibus,

Ut prius Legem quam nata foret, violavit:

Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex,

Potius Necessitas, non habens Legem.

Abi Viator, caetera memorabunt posteri.

On the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
 He brews his tears that studies to lament.
 Verse rhimically weeps, that pious rain
 Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o' th' brain.
 Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groan
 Be quaver'd out by soft division?
 'Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
 Not *Burke's* Wells can match a Poets eyes.
 In wanton water-works hee'l tune his tears
 From a *Genoa* jig up to the spheres.
 But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
 Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
 Now that the fate is publick, we may call
 It *Britains* Vespers, *Englands* Funerall.
 Who hath a Penkil to expresse the paine,
 But he hath eys too, washing off the paint?
 There is no learning but what tears surround,
 Like to *Seths* Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
 There is no Church, Religion is grown
 From much of late, that looke's increase to none:
 Like an Hydropick body full of Rhewms,
 First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
 The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,
 And by a Law dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.

The *Liturgie*, whose doom was voted next,
 Died as a Comment upon him the text.
 There's nothing lives: life is since he is gone,
 But a Nocturnall Lucubration.
 Thus you have seen deaths inventory read
 In the sum totall--- *Canterburie's* dead.
 A sight would make a Pagan to baptize
 Himself a Convert in his bleeding eys.
 Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beast of ours,
 (That which *Agona* like weeps and devours)
 Tears that flow blackish from their souls within,
 Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.
 Mean time no squalid grief his look defiles,
 He guilds his sadder fate with noble smiles.
 Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streams
 Shines in his showers, as if he wept his beams.
 How could Successes such villanies applaud?
 The state in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Land*:
 The twins of publike rage, adjudg'd to die,
 For treasons they should act, by Prophecie.
 The Facts were done before the Laws were made,
 The trümp turn'd up after the game was plaid.
 Be dull great spirits, and forbear to climb,
 For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.

No Church-man can be innocent and high,
 'Tis height makes *Grantham* steeple stand awry.

On J. W. A. B. of York:

Say, my young Sophister, what think'st of this?
Schimera's reall; *Ergo falleris*.
 The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goos agree,
 And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
 Call an *Harnsper* quickly; let him get
 Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrell wet,
 To purifie the place, for sure the harms
 This monster will produce, transcend his charms.
 'Tis Natures Master-piece of error, this;
 And redeems whatever she did amisse,
 Before, from wonder and reproach, this last
 Legitimareth all her by-blows past.

Loe here a generall Metropolitan,
 An arch-Prelatique Presbyterian,
 Behold his pious Garbs, Canonique face,
 A zealous *Episcopo-mastic* Grace;
 A fair blew-apron'd Priest, a Lawn-sleev'd brother,
 One Leg a Pulpit holds, a rub the other.
 Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,
 And make th' Apostate once more Christian.
Protem we cannot call him, he put on
 His change of shapes by a succession;
 Nor the *Welch Weather-cock*; for that we find,
 At once doth only wait upon the wind:

These speak him not, but if you'l name him right
 Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite*.
 His head i'th sanctified mould is cast,
 Yet sticks th' abominable Miter fast,
 He still retains the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,
 And yet has got a reverend Elders place.
 Such acts must needs be his, who did devise
 By crying Altars down, to sacrifice
 To private malice; where you might have seen
 His conscience holocausted to his spleen.
 Unhappy Church! the Viper that did share
 Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee base,
 And void of all thy dignities and store;
 Alas! thine own son proves the forrest boar;
 And like the Dam-destroying Cuckow he,
 VVhen the thick shell of his VVellsy pedigree,
 By thy warm soft ring bounty did divide
 And open, straight thence sprung forth particides:
 As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatch
 In thee, by th' Monster which thy self hadst hatcht.
 Despair not though, in VVales there may be got,
 As well as Lincolnshire an antidote,
 'Gainst the foull venom he can spit, though's head
 VVere chang'd from subtil gray to poysonous red.
 Heaven with propitious eys will look upon
 Our party, now the cursed thing is gone;
 And chastise Rebels, who nought else did misse
 To fill the measure of their sins, but his;
 VVhose foul imparall'd apostasie,
 Like to his sacred character shall be

Indelible

Fidelible, when ages then of late
 More happy grown with most impartiall fate,
 A period to his daies and time shall give,
 He by such Epiraphs as this shall live.

*Here Yorks great Metropolitan is laid,
 Who Gods Anointed and his Church betraid.*

Mark Anthony.

Whenas the Nightingale chanted her Ves-
 pers,

And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground,

Venus invited me in the evening whispers,

Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:

VWhere she before had sent

My wishes complement,

Unto my hearts content,

Plaid with me on the Green,

Never Mark Anthony

Dallied more wantonly

VWith the fair Egyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
 Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire:
 Next on her warm lips, which when I tasted,
 My duller spirits made active as fire,
 Then we began to dart
 Each at anothers heart,
 Arrows that knew no smart:
 Sweet lips and smiles between,
 Never Mark &c.

Wanting a glasse to plate her amber tresses,
 Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
 Gawdier then *Juno* wears when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately then warm,
 Then did she peep in mine
 Eys humour Christalline;
 I in her eys was seen,
 As if we one had been,
 Never Mark, &c.

Mytticall Grammar of amorous glances,
 Feeling of Pulses the Physick of Love,
 Rhetoricall courtings, and Muscicall dances;
 Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.
 Eys like Astronomy,
 Streight limb'd Geometry:
 In her hearts ingy
 Our wits are sharp and keen,
 Never Mark, &c.

The

The Authors Mock-Song to MARK ANTHONY.

When as the Night-raven sang Pluto's Mat-
tins,

And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at a hound;

When night-wandering Witches put on their pat-

Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul: (tins,

Then did the furies doom

That the Night-mare was come;

Such a mis-shapen Groom

Puts down *Su. Penfrance* clean.

Never did Incubus

Touch such a filthy *Sus*,

As this foul Gypsie Quean.

First on her goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blasted;

Thence fear of vomiting made me retire

Unto her blewer lips, which when I tasted,

My spirits were duller then Dun in the mire.

But then her breath took place,

Which went an Ushers pace,

And made way for her face;

You may guesse what I mean.

Never did Incubus

Touch such a filthy *Sus*,

As this foul Gypsie Quean.

Like snakes ingendring were plated her tresses,
 Or like flamy streaks of rOPY alo,
 Uglier then Envy wears, when she confesses
 Her head is perwig'd with adders tail.

But as soon as she spake,
 I heard a harsh Mandrake;
 Laugh not at my mistake,
 Her head is Epicene.

Never did, &c.

Mysticall Magick of conforing wrinkles,
 Feeling of pusses, the Palmistry of Nags,
 Scolding out belches for Rhetorick twinkles
 With three teeth in her head like to three gage.

Rainbows about her eyes,
 And her nose weather-wife,
 From them th' Asinaback flies,
 Frost, Pond, and Rivers clean.

Never did, &c.

How
 Touch such a filthy Sues,
 As this foul Cyprian Queen.

How the Commencement grows new.

IT is no *Carrando* news I undertake,
New teacher of the town I mean not to make,
No new England voyage my muse does intend,
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send,
But if you'll be pleas'd to bear but this dirty
He tell you some news as true and as witty:
And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Symony Doctours abound,
All crowding to throw away forty pound,
They'll now in their wives stamell petticoats va,
Without any need of an argument draper,
Beholding to none, he neither beleeves,
This friend for Vension, nor cother for speeches.
And so the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Easter book to chaffer,
Nay some take degrees who never had people,
Whose means like degrees comes from places of
They come to the fair, & at the first pluck, (people,
The Toll-man Barnaby strikes 'um good luck.
And so the Commencement grows new.

The Countrey persons come not up
On tuesday night in their old Colledge to sup,
Their

Their bellies and table books equally full,
 The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pull;
 How bravely the *Margaret* Professor disputed,
 The Homilies urg'd, and the school-men confuted.

And so the Commencement grows new.

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
 To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,
 With like admiration to eat roasted beef,
 Which invention pos'd his beyond-trent-belief:
 Who should he but hear our Organs once sound,
 Could scarce keep his hoof from Sallingers round.

And so the Commencement grows new.

The Gentleman comes not to shew us his satin (sin,
 To look with some judgment at him that speaks la-
 To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths,
 To answer O Lord Sir, and talk play books oaths,
 And at the next Bear-baiting, full (of his sack),
 To tell his Comrades our disciplin's slack.

And so the Commencement grows new.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
 Ay marry Sir, when have we had any yet?
 Besides no serious Oxford men comes,
 To cry down the use of Jestling and Hums.
 Our ballad, believ't, is no stranger than true,
Munn Salter is sober, and *Lack Martin* too.

And so the Commencement grows new.

The

The Hue and Cry after Sir

JOHN PRESBYTER.

With Hair in Characters, and Lugs in text;
 With a splay mouth and a nose circum-
 With a set Ruff of Musket bore, that wears (flexe
 like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,
 exhausted of their sulphurous contents,
 in Pulpit fire-works, which that Bomball vents;
 The Negative and covenanting Oath,
 like two Mustachoes, issuing from his mouth;
 The Bush upon his chin, (like a carv'd story,
 in a box knot) cut by the Directory;
 Madams Confession hanging at his ear, (*Where*
 Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* and
 Each circumstance, so in the hearing felt,
 That when his ears are cropt, he'l count them gelt;
 The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,
 A sign the Presbyter's worn to the stump:
 The Presbyter, though charm'd against mischance
 With the Divine right of an Ordinance.

*If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,
 Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.*
 What zealous frenzie did the Senate seize,
 That raze the Rotchet to such rags as these?
 Episcopacy mine't, reforming I need
 Hath sent us Runts, even of her Churches breed;
 Lay-interlining Clergy, a device
 That's nick-name to the stuff call'd Lops and Lice.
 The

The Beast at wrong end branded you may trace
 The divells foot-steps in his cloven face.
 A face of severall Parasities and sorts,
 Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Innes of Court.
 What mean the Elders else, those Kirk Dragons,
 Made up of Ears and Ruffs like Ducksions?
 That Hierarchy of Handicrafts begun?
 Those new Exchange men of Religion?
 Sure they're the Antick heads, which plac'd without
 The Church, do gape and disemboague a spout:
 Like them above the Commons House have been
 So long without, now both are gotten in;
 Then, what Imperious in the Bishop sounds,
 The same the scotch Executor rebounds.
 This fixt *Prelacy*, the *classick* rout,
 That spake it often, ere it spake it out;
 So by an Abbies skeleton of late,
 I heard an *eccho* supererogate
 Through imperfection, and the voice restore,
 As if she had the blyp o're and o're.
 Since they our mixt *Diocessans* combine
 Thus to ride double in their Discipline;
 That Pauls shall to the Consistory call
 A Dean and Chapter out of Weavers-Hall;
 Each at the Ordinance for to assist
 With the five thumbs of his great-changing fist.
 Down Dagon Synod with thy mighty war,
 Whilst we do swagger for the Common-Prayer,
 That Deus-like Emphassie, that wings our sense
 To heavens gate in shape of innocents.

Pray for the *Mistress's* Ambers, and desire
 These Demicasters of Divinity,
 For where Sir John with Jack-of-all-trades joyns,
 His Finger's thicker than the Prelat's Loyns.

The Antiplatonick.

FOR shame, thou everlasting Woer,
 Still saying grace, and never falling to her!
 Love that's in contemplation plac't,
 In *Venus* drawn but to the wast,
 Unlesse your flame confesse it's gender,
 And your Parley cause surrender
 You're salamanders of a cold desire;
 That live untoucht amid the hottell fire.
 What though she be a Dame of stone,
 The VVidow of *Pigmalion*;
 As hard and un-relenting she,
 As the new-cruست *Niobe*;
 Or what doth more of statue carry,
 A Nunne of the Platonick Quarry?
 Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred,
 A flint will break upon a Feather-bed.
 For shame you pretty Female Elves,
 Cease for to candy up your selves;
 No more, you sectaries of the Game,
 No more of your calcining flame.

Women commence by *Cupid's* Dart,
 As a King hunting dubra Hart,
 Loves votaries inthrall each others soul;
 Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertue's no more in Woman-kind
 But the green sicknesse of the mind.
 Philosophy, their new delight,
 A kind of Char-coal appetite.
 There's no Sophistry prevails,
 Where all-convincing love assails;
 But the disputing petticoat will warp,
 As skilfull gamesters are to seek at sharp.

The souldier, that man of iron,
 Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron;
 That's strung with Wire, instead of Veins,
 In whose embraces you're in chains;
 Let a Magnetick girl appear,
 Straight he turns *Cupid's* Cuiraſeer.
 Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortresse in,
 For all the Brisled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
 The breast-works of the firmest sex,
 Come let's in affections riot,
 Th'are sickly pleasures keep a Diet.
 Give me a lover bold and free,
 Not Ennuch't with formality;
 Like an Embaſſador that beds a Queen
 With the nice Caution of a sword between.

FUSCARA,

OR

The BEE Errant.

Natures confectioner, the *Bee*,
 Whose suckets are moyst *Alchimis*,
 The still of his refining mould,
 Minting the Garden into gold;
 Having rifled all the fields
 Of what dainties *Flora* yields,
 Ambitious now to take Excise,
 Of a more fragrant Paradise,
 At my *Fuscara's* sleeve arriv'd,
 Where all delicious sweets are hid,
 The ayrie Free-booter distreins
 First on the Violets of her Veins,
 Whose tincture could it be more pure,
 His ravenous kisse had made it bluer:
 Here did he sit, and Essence quaff,
 Till her coy Pulse had beat him off,
 That Pulse, which he that feels may know
 Whether the World's long-liv'd or no.
 The next he preys on is her Palm,
 That Alm'nor of transpiring Balm;
 So soft, 'tis ay but once remov'd,
 Tender as 'twere a Jelly glōv'd,
 Here while his canting drone-pipe scan'd
 The mystick figures of her hand

He

He tipples Palmestry, and dives
 On all her fortune telling lives.
 He baths in blisse, and finds no odds
 Betwixt the Nectar and the Gods.
 He perches now upon her wrist
 A proper hawk for such a fist,
 Making that flesh his bill of fare,
 Which hungry Cannibals would spare.
 Where Lillies in a lovely brown
 Inoculate Carnation.
 He *Argent* skin with *Or* so stream'd
 As if the milky way were cream'd.
 From hence he to the wood-bine bends
 That quivers at her fingers ends,
 That runs division on the tree
 Like a thick branching pedigree.
 So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
 It is a pretty maze of flowers,
 It is the rose that bleeds when he
 Nibbles his nice Paleotomy.
 About her finger he doth cling
 I'th' fashion of a wedding ring,
 And bids his *Comrades* of the swarm
 Crawl as a bracelet about her arm.
 Thus when the hovering *Publican*
 Had suck'd the Toll of all her span,
 Tuning his draughts with drowsy hums,
 As Danes carowse by Kettle-dums,
 It was decreed that posy glands
 The small familiars should be wear'd.

At this the Errants courage quails;
 Yet aided by his native sails;
 The bold *Columbus* still designs
 To find her undiscovered mines:
 Toth' *Indies* of her arm he flies
 Fraught both with East and Western prize;
 Which when he had in vain assaid,
 Arm'd like a dapper Lance-presade
 With *Spanish* pike, he broacht a pore;
 And so both made and heal'd the sore:
 For as in Gummy trees ther's found
 A salve to issue at the wound.

Of this her breach the like was true,
 Hence trickled out a balsom too:
 But oh! what wasp was't that could proye
Ratillias to my *Queen of Love*?

The King of Bees now's jealous grown
 Left her beams should melt his throne:
 And finding that his tribute slackt,
 His Burgesses and state of wax
 Turn'd to an Hospitall, the combs
 Built rank and file like Beads-mens rooms,
 And what they bleed but tart and sowre,
 Matcht with my *Danaes* golden showre,
 Live-Hony all; the envious esse
 Stung her, cause sweeter then himself.

Sweetnesse and she are so ally'd,
 The *Bee* committed parricide.

F An

AN
ELEGIE
UPON
D. CHADERTON,

The first Master of Emanuel Col-
ledge in Cambridge, being above an hun-
dred yeares old when he died.

Occasioned by his long deferred FUNERAL:

Pardon (dear Saint) that we so late,
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-shower of verse,
And tears, we thus bedew thy herse:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
Thou liv'dst so long we did not know,
Whether thou couldst now die or no:
We lookt still, when thou shouldst arise
And o'pe the casements of thine eys:
Thy feet, which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on;
Thine ears after an hundred year,
Might now plead custome for to hear:
Upon thy head that reverend snow,
Did dwell some fifty years ago,

And

And then thy cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a grave.

Wert thou e're young? for truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old,
Ther's none alive I'm sure can say
They knew thee young, but alwaies gray:
And dost thou now venerable Oak
Decline at deaths unhappy stroak?
Tell me (dear son) why didst thou die,
And leave's to write an Elegy?
We're young (alas) and know thee not,
Send up old *Abram* and grave *Lot*,
Let them write thy Epitaph, and tell
The world thy worth, they kend thee well:
When they were boys they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angell did them teach.

Awake them then, and let them come,
And score thy virtues on thy tomb,
That we at those may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

FR M A.

M A R I E S S P I K E - N A R D

S Hall I presume
S V Without Perfume
 My Christ to meet
 That is all sweet?

No, I'll make most pleasant posies,
 Catch the *breath of new blown roses*,
 Top the pretty merry flowers,
 Which *laugh* in the fairest bowers,
 Whose *sweetnesse* Heaven likes so well,
 It *snoops* each morn to take a smell.

Then I'll fetch from the *Phœnix* nest
 The *richest* spices, and the *best*,
 Precious ointments I will make,
 Holy mirrh and aloes take;
 Yea costly *Spikenard*, in whose smell
 The *sweetnesse* of all Odours dwell.

I'll

I'll get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure, as his *alabaster skin*,
And then to him I'll *nimbly* fly
Before *one sickly minute* dy:
This *box* I'll *break*, and on *his head*
This precious oyntment will I spread,
Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry hair
For sweetnesse with his breath compare:
But sure the odour of his skin
Smells sweeter then the spice I bring.

Then with bended knee I'll greet
His holy and beloved feet;
I'll wash them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips shall kisse them dry;
Or for a towell he shall have
My hair, such flax as nature gave.

But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy sacred feet take hold,
And curl themselves about, as though
They were loath for to let thee go,
O chide them not, and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow gray.

It's a gift to keep it in
 And then to him the mirror
 Before the mirror
 I was seen the same and in the same
 This precious ornament will I hold
 Till every lock and every hair
 For the sweetest love his skin
 But I am the odour of his skin
 So much sweeter than the voice I bring
 Then with best of love I'll give
 His body and beloved face
 He will then with a weeping eye
 And then my love shall tell them days
 Of for a row well I shall live
 My heart, such love as mine have
 But if my wanted looks be bold
 And on thy faded face I hold
 And cast themselves about as though
 They were lost from thee go
 O coulds them not and bid away
 For then for grief they will grow grey.



LETTERS.

S I R,

THough I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garrison, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday last, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my servant entred your ark, and vvith him of my moneys 133-0-8. this precise sum I vvas vvilling you should knowv, supposing your vvisdome might ovvn the moneys, though your honesties could hardly allowv the act. Which if so, and that hereafter vve shall find it no sin to violate your sanctuary, and upon the Audit find the receipt, vve may happily account it a lone and not a losse, it being in hands responsable for greater matters: and now Sir, let me speak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellowv his just revvard, prefer him, or send him hither, and vve shall; if you dare not trust him, let him be trusted: If you dare, I shall vvish you more such servants, and for that only reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours.

W. E.

The Answer.

Sixtly, beloved is it so, that our brother and fellow labourer in the Gospell is start aside? then this may serve for an use of instruction, not to trust in man, nor in the son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Onesimus* run from his master *Philemon*? Besides this should teach us to employ our talents, and not to lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cayleers, it had been just then the Israelite had spoil'd the Egyptian: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, that--that--! You see sir what use I make of the doctrine you sent me, and indeed since you change stile so farre as to nibble at Wit, you must pardon it to quit scores; I pretend a little to a gift in preaching. Sir I expected to hear from you in the phrase of the lost Groat, and the prodigall Son, and in such a *tantum* of language, but I perceive your communication is not alwaies yea, yea, now and then a little Harlotry Rhetorick: you say that your man in entered our Ark, I am sorry you were so ignorant in Scripture as to let him come single, The text had been better satisfied if you had pleased to bear him company, for then the beasts had entered by couples. But though he came alone, yet well sin'd it seems a 133-0-8. sure the Hue and Cry had good lungs, it would have been out of breath else before it had reach'd the 8. Thus is the sum, but why you call it precise sum, since it

is false away, I understand not: but how come you to reckon so punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant; what year of the persecution of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the sheckells, that's the more sanctified coyn. I take it you are mistaken in the sanctuary you speak of. For that which your man has taken is *Webbeck*, one of our chappels of ease, not the mother Church our Garrison of *Newark*. But the best is, they are both without the reach of your sacrilege. Whereas you account the losse but a lone, we shall grant as a debt, but bearing the same date of payment as that which you borrowed on the publike Faith. I suspect your hand was troubled with the Palsy when you wrote of a Judge: your man however shall find me an advocate, so what say you to an occasionall meditation? Reflect but upon your self how you have used our common master, and I doubt not but then you will pardon your man: he hath but transcrib'd and copied out the disloyalty his master and his fraternity had taught him: and to conclude with your own, I wish you more such servants; and more such sums to be deriv'd to their proper channell, from whence 'tis imaginable that was purloyn'd.

I. C.

SIR

HAd not indulgent mercy provided for troubled spirits sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of laughter? how easily had the expence of your wit been trussed up in an Egg-shell. I dare not trace in holy ground; 'tis not safe nibbling there; you see what doctrine I make of your use. But yet so farr as yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare not undertake like a mighty Coloss (whose every motion doth *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*) to devour indigested lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morsell, and then retail it out as the Jugler doth Inckle by the yard, all in Character, and by couples entring the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I'll allow you the gift in preaching. Pity it is the provision of so many savory lessons, wholesome instructions, even so many pious collections, as might worthily entruled you to the comfortable subsistence of a well gleb'd vicaridge, besides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit to tell how great such a divine knowledge, as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy Writ, unknown sanctity, and a conscience so tender, I dare not touch: Pity it is such accomplish'd gifts, and prodigious parts, should be misemploy'd in secular affairs, such an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother-Church of *Newark* as your party hath of late done Garrisons, and converted as many

my souls as *Chaucers* Frier, with the shoulder-
bone of the lost sheep. But you say you expected;
I thought you had had more than you expected;
but however you expected penitentiall language
and humble stile. The groat I will not meddle
with, 'tis holy coyn, an addresse full of complaints;
Sir, vve (like your selves) can speak big of our los-
ses, and yet with more ingenuity confesse them:
though I for modesty will not ask you who stole
from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away
with the King, but of that--for that precise sum,
I see you are willing to quarrell at precisenesse, it
was to tell you revenge vwould have transformed
it upon your very --- How you quarrell at your
good, had you mistaken him for a tax-gatherer,
and eas'd him of his portage before he arrived at
your chappell of ease, I vwould not you should
have abated him a fourth part for his forwarde-
nesse, and put it upon the file of contribution for
his Majesties good Garrison of Newark: I should
have liked the security vwell, and vwhen your
works had fail'd to save you, expected a returne
upon the publike faith, the meditation vwhereof
puts me upon this advice; think not prophanenesse
can compact vvith mudd to cast up a trench of se-
curity, attempt not, though a Giant, to reach at
stars, to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wise on this side heaven.

The

The Answer.

THe Philosopher, that never laughed but once, when he saw an Ass mumbler of chistles, would have broke his spleen at the rejoinder of yours, for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, observing how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my letter, lest it should prick your chops. But something must needs be reply'd: Repetitions are usuall with the saints at *Grantham*. I look upon your letter as a spittle sermon, where I perceive your ambition how you would prove your self a clean beast, because you know how to chew the cud: For the first sentence, where you speak of troubled spirits and sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* extasie, certainly your spirit is troubled, else your expression had not run so muddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if possible, to be reconciled to sense. The wit which you say may be trussed up in an egg-shell, I fear your oval crown hath scarce capacity to contain: you disclaim being a Coloss, content, I have as diminutive thoughts of you as you please. I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen shall make of you accordingly three throws for a penny. But you cannot *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*. O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor write & play's the Pimp, and jumble two Languages together in unlawfull sheets

for

for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the town is you jest in, your wit will be the better; And why cannot you *Cleave the Land*? tread but hard, and your cloven foot will cleave it's impression; you talk of Cyclops and Juglers, indeed hard words are the Juglers Dialect, but take heed, the time may come, when unless you play *prestobogen*, your run-away-King may cause you Juglers-wise to disgorge your fate, and vomit a rope instead of inkle. But to eccho your compassion; and return you an inventory of your good party; is it not pity the pure extract of sanctified *Emmal*, past-boyled there in the Pipkin of Predestination, and since wellread in the sick mans salve and the crumbs of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinity. Is it not pity such a pious gogle at the Eye, such a melodious twang at the nose, such a splay mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifying the ear in private, besides cheverall lungs which still stretch forth so far as a seventeenthly. Is it not pity these gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might justly have qualified you for a tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Diocess as that of Hidebery, that these ineffable parts that passe all understanding, should thus be sequestred from the primitive use, and of a godly Lance-presade in the Church militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, such a walking directory, such a zealous *Roger* as this, might have

have saved more soules than ever *Sampson* slew
 and with the same Engine, the Jaw-bone of an
 asse: your pen is coyn, and you wave the holy
 ground, and the holy coyn with a squeemish prete-
 rition: I am glad to hear you acknowledge there
 is an holy ground, for then I hope *Hothams* barn
 is not as good a congregation as *Saint Pauls*; for
 the holy coyn you must pardon me if I sus-
 pect the chality of your fingers, I am sure those
 of your party have been troubled with fellows,
 witnesse the Church-revenues, and severall sacri-
 ledges that cannot be pared off with your nails:
 But there is another reason why I abstain from the
 ignominy of the Saints. You were in hopes to
 retrieve your money, but verily, verily, never
 springs the partridge. You would have had your
 man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the fide
 alters, the man when he was with you, was one
 of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must passe
 for a Publican and sinner. Sir, we cast up no trench
 of security, though we might have dilt enough
 in your language to do it, and yet we hope to be
 saved by our works, for all the strength of your
 Faith, whereby you hold your selves able to re-
 move mountaines: for your advice not to throw
 stars at your head I imbrace it, for what need I,
 as long as there is goods shot to be had for money,
 my wit shall be on what side heaven you please,
 provided it be alwaies antastick to yours: for the
 appellation of Giant I accept it, only I am sorry,
 that

LETTERS.

91

that I am not he vvith the hundred hands, that I
might so often subscribe my self,

Sir,

your servant

Jo. Cl.

FINIS.

LETTERS.

that I am not the hundred hands, that I
might to often labour myself.

Sir,

Your servant

J. C.

FINIS.



THE CHARACTER OF A London-Diurnall:

A Diurnall is a punie Chronicle, scarce pin-scathered with the wings of time: It is an History in foppes, the English *Iliads* in a nut-shell; the *Apocryphall* *Paragons* book of *Maccabees* in single-thoets. It would be a *Welch* pedigree, to reckon how many *aps* 'tis removed from an *Annall*: For it is of that *Extra*; only of the younger house, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobster*: The originall source in this kind was *Dutch*, *Galliobelgic*, the *Protoplasts*, and the modern *Mercuries* but *Hans en Kelders*. The *Councelle* of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as days in the year, it may be the *Legislative Lady* in of that lineage; so she governs the *Diurnalls*, and they at *Westminster* take them in by the names of *Scotisme*, *Civica*, *Britannica*. In the frontispice of the old *Beldam-Diurnall*, like the Contents of the Chapter, sits the *House of Commons*, judging the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. You may call them the *Kingdoms Anatomy* before the *Weekly Kalendar*: For such is a *Diurnall*, the day of the moneth, with what weather in the *Commonwealth*. It is taken for the pulse of the *Body politicke*, and the *Emperick Divines* of the *Assembly*, those *Spirituall Dragoons*, thumb it according to their trade: it is a pretty *Synopsis*; and those grave *Rabbies* (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger *Anatomy*. The *Countrie-Carrier*, when he buyes it for the *Vicar*,

poor, miscalls it the *Drum*; yet properly enow
it casts the water of the State, over since it staled blood.
It differs from an *Aulicum*, as the *Devil* & his *Exorcists*;
or as a *black Witch* doth from a *white* one, whose office
is to unavell her inchantments.

It begins usually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law*
still-born, dropt before quickened by the *Royall-assent*.
Tis one of the *Parliaments* by-blows, (*Acts* being le-
gitimate) and hath no more Sore then a *Spanish Genner*,
that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the issue
only of the *Mother*; without the conspurc of *Royall* *Pa-*
piter. Yet *Law* it is, if they were in, though in defiance
of their *Parliamentalls*; like the old *Seneca*, who swore
his *Cluck* went true, whatever the *Six* said to the con-
trary.

The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is *flattery*, *horrible*
flattery; which with wonderful sagacity it hains dirc-foot,
while they are yet in their *causes*; before *Ministeria* *prim-*
can put on her smock. How many such fits of the *As-*
ther have troubled the *Kingdoms*; and (for all *Sir Wal-*
ter Erle looks like a *Man-Midwife*) not yet delivered of
so much as a *chubson*. But *Affairs* must have their *Pro-*
perities; and, since the *Stages* were wored down, the on-
ly *Play-house* is at *Westminster*.

Surable to their plans are their *Informers*, *Shippers*
and *Taylors*; *Spawlers* both for the land and water.
Good *comfortable* *Intelligence*. For, however *Pynd*
Bill may inflame the reckoning, the honest vermine have
have not so much for lying as the publick *Faith*.

Thus a *restless* *Butcher* in *Morefields*, while he was
contriving some *Quirpo-outs* of *Church-Government*, by
the help of his *ear-tying* ears, and the *Orator* *fiction*.
the spirit, discovered such a *plot*, that *Selden* intended to
combat *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a *Traylor*
Goose that preserved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my Lord of Canterbury is not once more all-to-berraytor'd for dealing with the Lions, to settle the Commission of Array in the Tower. It would do well to cramp the Articles Dormant, besides the opportunity of reforming those Beasts of the Prerogative, and changing their prophane names of Harry and Charles, into Nehemiah and Eleazar.

Suppose a Corn-cutter, being to give little Isaac a cast of his Office, should fall to paring his Browes, mistaking the one end for the other because he branches at both. This would be a plot; and the next Diurnall would furnish you with this scale of Votes.

Resolved upon the Question, that this act of the Corn-cutters was an absolute invasion of the Cities Charter; in the representative forehead of Isaac.

Resolved, that the evill counsellours about the Corn-cutter are popishly affected, and enemies to the State.

Resolved, that there be a publike Thanksgiving for the great deliverance of Isaacs brow-antlers; and a solemne Covenant drawn up, to defie the Corn-cutter and all his works.

Thus the Quixots of this age fight with the Windmills of their own heads; quell Monsters of their own creation, make plots, and then discover them; as who fitter to un-kennell the Fox, then the Tarryer, that is a part of him.

In the third place march their Adventures; the Roundheads Legend, the Rebels Romance; stories of a larger size then the ears of their Sect, able to strangle the belief of a Soli-fidian.

I'll present them in their order; and first as a whiffler before the show, enter Stamford, one that trod the stage with the first, traverst his ground, made a leg, and Exit. The Country-people took him for one that the Order of the Houses was to dance a Morice through the West of England. Well, he is a nimble Gentleman; him but upon Banks his horse in a saddle rampant,

and it is a great question, which part of the Centaur shews better tricks.

There was a Vote passing to translate him, with all his Equipage, into Monumental-Ginger-bread; but it was cross'd by the Female Committee, alledging that the Valour of his Image would bite their children by the tongues.

This Cubit and an half of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnal*, rowed his enemies fifty miles off: It is strange you will say, and yet it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his sword, for which the weapon salve was invented, that so wounding and healing like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the same removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope, Room for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *Waller's* Knight errantry; and, because every *Mountain* must have his *Zany*, throw him in *Hazlerig*, to set off the story, these two, like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are always worshipp'd in the same Chapter; they hunt in their Couples, what one worth at the head, the other scores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the *Psalms*, with another to the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the *Saints-bell*.

I wonder, for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Lease of his body.

First, *Stamford* slew him; then *Waller* out-killed the half a Bar, and yet it is thought the sullen Corps would scarce bleed, were both these Man-slayers never so near it.

The same goes of a Dutch-Headfman, that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the Head after execution should stand still upon the shoulders; pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer.

of a London-Diurnall.

the place. For, as if he had the like knack too, most of those, whom the *Diurnall* hath slain for him, to us poor Morralls seem untoucht.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the sword, and never singes the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conqueror*, This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnalls Delight*, he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for, he stalks with *Essex*, and shoots under his belly, because his Oxcellency himself is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: translate but the Scéne to *Round-way-down*: There *Hasteriggs* Lobsters were turned into Crabs, and crawled backwards: there poor Sir *William* ran to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Cromwell*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the Old Testament: you may learn the Genealogy of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment. The Muster-master uses no other List then the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forraigners, when themselves entertain such an Army of *Hebrews*? this *Cromwel* is never so valorous, as when he is making Speeches for the Association; which nevertheless he doth somewhat ominously, with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomet's* Pidgeon to come and prompt him. He should be a bird of Prey too, by his bloody beak: his Nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that glisters: What we wonder at in the rest of them is naturall to him, to kill without blood-shed: for, most of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glasse would shew him more Superstition. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he

had defaced God's in his own countenance. If he deale with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old Monument: then down goes dust and ashes: and the stoutest Cavalier is no better. O brave Oliver! Time voider, Sub-sizer to the Worms; in whom Death, that formerly devour'd our Ancestors, now chews the cud. He said grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marquesse of Newcastle*; nay and the *Diurnall* gave you his bill of fare: but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridge* Teen of Committee-men, and he doth wonders. But holy men (like the holy Language) must be read backwards. They rife Colledges, to promote Learning, and pull down Churches for edification. But Sacrilege is intailed upon him: There must be a *Cromwell* for Cathedralls, as well as Abbeys: a secure sinner, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For how can he be hanged for Church-robbery, which gives it self the benefit for the Clergy.

But for all *Cromwells* Nose wears the *Dominicall Letter*, compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the vigilla to an Holy-day. This, this is the man of God, so sanctified a Thunderbolt, that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would stile him the Archangel, giving battell to the Divell.

Indeed, as the *Angels*, each of them makes a severall species, so every one of his souldiers is a distinct Church. Had these Beasts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have suited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in understanding. It is the sign of a coward to wink, and fight; yet all their valor proceeds from their ignorance. But I wonder whence their Generalls purity proceeds: it is not by tradition: if he was begotten a Saint, it

was by equivocall generation : For the Divell in the father, is turn'd Monk in the son : To his godlinesse is of the same parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad manners, and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to Corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother-University; and (if this Scotch mist further prevail) will extinguish this other. He hath the like quarrell to both, because both are strong with the same *Optick nerve, Knowing Loyalty.* Barbarous Rebels, who will be revenged upon all Learning, because his Treason is beyond the mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnall*, as yet, hath not talkt much of his *Visitors*; but there is the more behind : For the Knight must alwaies beat the Giant : that's resolved. If any thing fall out amisse, which cannot be smothered, the *Diurnall* hath a help at Maw; it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Danish Fleet*; or brewing it with some successe out of Ireland, and it goes down merrily.

There are mote Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnall*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*; two of *Mars* his pety-toes; such sniveling Cowards, that it is a favor to call them so. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he resembles the *Beast*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible slaughterman at a Thanksgiving Dinner : had he been *Cannibal*, to have eaten those that he vanquish't, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his personall, but (as the *State-Sophies* distinguish) in his Politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the House he sate in; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmanger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining

declining Cause; a new Branch of the old *Oak* of Re-
formation.

And now I speak of Reformation, *vous avez* Fox,
the Tinker, the liveliest Embleme of it that may be: For,
what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but
Tinker-wise, in mending one hole, they made three.

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tettors and
Ringworms of the State.

I will close up all thus: The Victories of the Rebels
are like the Magickall Combat of *Apuleius*, who, think-
ing he had slain all three of his Enemies, found them at
last but a Trimvirate of Bladders. Such, and so emp-
ty are the triumphs of a *Diurnall*; but so many impost-
humated Fancies, so many Bladders of their own blow-
ing.

The



The Character of a Country-COMMITTEE-MAN, With the Ear-mark of a SEQUESTATOR.

A Committee-man by his name should be one that is possessed, there is number enough in his name to make an Epithete for Legion; he is persona in concreto (to borrow the solecism of a modern Statesman) you may translate it by the Red Bull phrase, and speak as properly, enter seven Devils solus! It is a well-trussed riddle that contains both the number and the Beast. For a Committee-man is a Noun of Multitude; he must be spelled with figures, like Antichrist wrapped in a pair-royal of Sixes: Thus the name is as monstrous as the Man, a compleat notion of the same lineage with accumulative treason: For his office, it is the Illeptarchy, or Englands Friseurs; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince; only the Royalty is greater; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare, the Pope and he rings the changes; here is a plurality of Crowns to one head, joyn them together, and there is harmony in discord, the triple headed Turn-key of Heaven, with the triple beaded Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regal Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out-bulks the substance whereof he is a remnant: There is a score of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Cross there is the number of twenty. This is the Giant with the hundred

dred hands that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannical Blood-Roll by which the Kingdom goes backward, and with a kind of Rebus, at every Curse drops a Committee-man. Let CHARLES be wayved, whose conducting clemency aggravates the defection, and make Nero the question, better a Nero then a Committee. There's last execution by a single bullet then by case shot.

Now a Committee-man is a party-coloured Officer, he must be drawn like Janus with Cross and Smile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about in his fleeing the Country. Look upon him martially, and he is a Justice of war; one that hath bound his Dalton up in Buff, and will needs be of the Quorum to the best Commanders; he is one of Mars his Lay-Brothers, he shares in the Government, though a Non-Conformist to his bleeding Rabbick; he is the like Scellafy in arms, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a flattering in discourse, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden Age (and such indeed he makes it) to him, when so tame a Pigeon may converse with Vulturs. He thinks a Committee hanging about a Governor, and Bandilliers danging about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagram resemblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a Helmet: Who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand-Fury and a Billa vera? It is a left handed Garrison where their authority perches; but the more preposterous, the more in fashion: the right hand fights while the left hand rules the reins: the Truth is the Souldier, and the Gentlemen are like Don Quixot and Sancho Pancha, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governor's Master to fix his truckle, and to new-string him with si-gnews of War for his chief use, to raise Assessments in the neighboring Wapentake.

The

The Country-people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give down her milk unless she see her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garisons dry Nurse, he chews their contribution before he feeds them; so the poor Souldiers live like Trochilus, by picking the seeds of this sated Crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternatural, that it is rather a vizard then a face. Mars in him hath but a blinking aspect, his face of Arms is like his Coat, partie per pale, Souldier and Gentleman much of a scamling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face, a squeezing look, like that of Vespasianus, as if he were breeding over a close-stool. Take him thus, and he is the Inquisition of the purse; an authentick Gypsie, that nips your bung with a canting Ordinance; not a murdered fortune in all the Country but bleeds at the touch of this Malefactor. He is the spleen of the Body Politick, that swells it self to the Consumption of the whole: At first indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but since he hath got off his Cope, he set up for himself, he lives upon the sins of the people, and that's a good standing-dish too, he verifies the Axiom, *Isdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is suitable to his constitution, I have wondered often why the plundered Country-men should repair to him for succour, certainly it is under the same notion as one whose pockets are pickt goes to Mol Cur purse as the predominant in that faculty.

He out-dives a Dutch-man, gets a Noble of him that was never worth six pence, for the poorest escape not, but Dutch-like, he will be dreyning even in the driest ground; he aliens a Delinquents estate with as little remorse as his other Holiness gives away an Hereticks Kingdom, and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little share of Infallibility. Lye is the Grand Sallad of arbitrary Government, Executor to the

Star-

Star-Chamber, and High-Commission; for those Courts are not extinct, they survive in him like Dollars changed into single moneys. To speak the truth, he is the universal Tribunal: For since these times all causes fall to his Cognizance, as in a great infection all diseases oft turn to the Plague. It concerns our Masters the Parliament to look about them, if he proceeds at this rate, the Fack may come to swallow the Pike; as the Interest often eats out the principal. As his commands are great, so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is very punctual in exacting your hat, and to say right, it is his due; but by the same title, as the upper garment is the vails of the Executioner. There was a time when such Cattel would have hardly been taken upon suspicion for men in office, unless the old Proverb were renewed, that beggars make a free Company, and those their Wardens. You may see what it is to hang together, look upon them severally, and you cannot but fumble for some shreds of charity; But oh they are Tarmagants in Conjunction! like Fiddlers, who are rogues when they go single; and joyned in consort, gentlemen Musicioners. I care not much if I mistwist my Committee-man, and so give him the receipt of this grand Catholicon. Take a State Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the Excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money, next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King, because he is a Gentleman transgressing the Magna Charta of delving Adam. Add to these a mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his false Weights with some scruples of Conscience, and with his peremptory scales can doom his Prince with a Mene tekell. These with a new blue-stocking'd Justice lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a short handed Clerk tacked to the Rear of him to carry the Knapsack of his understanding, together with two or three Equivocal Sirs, whose Religion like their Gentility is the extract of their

their Acres, being therefore spirituall, because they are caritly; not forgetting the man of the Law, whose corruption gives the Hogan to the sincere Junio. These are the simples of this precious Compound, a kind of Dutch botch potch, the Hogan Mogan Committee-man.

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a setter height, a Sequestrator; of whom you may say, as of the great Sulians horse, where he treads, the grasse grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fishes for the Pullique, but feeds himself; the misery is, he fishes without the Cormorants property, a rope to strengthen the gullot, and to make him disgorge. A Sequestrator! He is the Divells Nut-hook, the sign with him is alwaies in the clutches. There is more Monsters retain to him, then to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is strange Physicians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate Feaver, he draws far beyond Pigeons. I hope some Mountebank will slice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is all the difference, one applauds the Grinder, and the other the Grisl. Never till now could I verifie the Poets description, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane visage. Death it self cannot quit scores with him, Like the Demonjack in the Gospell, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water shed by Widdows and Orphans, a sufficient Exorcism to dispossesse him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath, and the Fiend your blood; Nor can the brotherhood of Witchfinders, so sagely instituted with all their terror, wean the Familiars.

But once more to single out my imboist Committee-man, his fate (for I know you would faine see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations, and so the sponge weeps out the moisture which he soaked before; Or else he meets his passing peale in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-founded Garrison; For the Hedge-

Hedge-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow; till he mistakes his commons and bites off her head. Whatever is, it is within his desert: For what is observed of some creatures, that at the same time they trade in productions three stories high, suckling the first, big with the second, and clickesing for the third. A Committee-man is the Counter-point, his mischief's superseration, a certaine scale of destruction; for he ruins the father, beggers the son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity.

FINIS

